

THE ANGEL'S REVELATION

1.

In the light and the shade of a young dusk
I am gradually drained of kisses and embraces.
There is a naked angel, watching me from afar,
offering me a flight of hopes without direction.
From his stretched wings in the somnolent light
drifts the silence of his infinite gesture,
handing to me the lake of his profound eyes,
where I see my whole self like a stretched bow.

2.

Like a bow stretched over awakened time,
I grow in the sky of autumn and spring
from an immense summer of vital plenitude,
which gives me its pulp like a ripened fruit.
My fruit, sprung from the patient depth,
forcing itself forth in the unquiet night,
humbly seen in the first light of dawn,
first germination of the winged thought!
Pure center of the spurting, ceaseless water,
negation of the desert, a suffered eternity
with the intimate brush of the wing, stretching
from the impossible Body of the suspect Bird.

3.

In the bend of the bow my eyes melt,
longing for the Whole, opening into horizons,
searching for the arrow its tension conceals from me.
I approach the light; I am covered by its dream.
The angel drowns me with his infinite gesture,
and tenderly leaves me, sleeping in hope.
The trembling caress of his ecstatic kiss
keeps vibrating in me, like the echo of a bow.